AN ELEGY, On the Right Honourable *EDWARD* Earl of *MEATH*;

Who Dy'd on *Tueſday* the 22d of *February*, 1709.

REtir'd from Buſineſs in a Dark *Alcove*,
As I ſat Reading of *Saraphick Love*;
Methought a voice paſt ſoftly by & ſaid:
Drop, drop a Tear, for *BRABAZON*'s Dead.
Amaz'd in haſte, I from my *Cell* withdrew,
And quickly found the ſaid Prediction True.
For common Loſſes, common Griefs ſuffice,
But Sorrow here, prepares a Sacrifice;
While Hecatombs of Tears ſhou'd offer'd be,
As pious Incenſe to his Memory:
Brabazon, whom *Hibernia* now muſt own;
Was Natur's once belov'd, adopted SON.
The moſt Judicious *Brabazon*'s now no more,
Who did ſuch ſtrange *Phænomena*'s explore:
Like a coy Virgin, and a modeſt Bride,
Who what ſhe wou'd conceal, does cloſely hide;
In ſuch a Humour did Dame Nature ſeem,
And was Reſerv'd to all the World, but Him.
She knows his Worth, and freely did reveal,
As much as can be known by humane Skill.
Great Soul! who was for publick Rule deſign'd
Seem'd furniſh'd out, & fram'd to cheer Mankind,
Extended ſtill to fit his *Sphere*, did ſwell'd,
'Till he the meaſure of his Circle fill'd;
Still overflowing for the publick Uſe,
And pour'd out what they can never loſe.
Nor was his Life leſs comely, or leſs clean,
In his Receſs, than in the publick Scene:
Thoſe gay Adornments which enrich'd his Mind
Is now with Robes put off, and are confind.
Seraphick Soul! how juſtly may'ſt thou now
With pity look on groveling us below?
Who know but yet in part, for which we ſee
The Vail of Glory drawn 'tween us and Thee;
Whilſt thy ſublemes pure and unbodied Mind
Now dwells in Love and Knowledge unconfin'd
With Envy we thy Glory do not ſee;
But only wiſh to Live and Dye like thee;
Noble by Birth, yet Humble too thou wert;
Without Deſign, and Modeſt without Art;
Noble without Pride, and Pious without ſhow
(Where in another do theſe Virtues grow?)
We judge, when ſuch Great Souls as thine retire,
Nature her ſelf will ſuddenly expire.

EPITAPH.

READer, *beneath this Marble Stone*
Is laid the Duſt of noble Brabazon;
A VVord will fill the mouth of Fame,
VVhile worth and merit have a Name:
Let others Court Opinion's breath
By ſtately Monuments of Death;
VVithout a Tomb his Fame is ſafe,
His Name alone's an Epitah.

FINIS.

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